

# THE STORY TELLER

## LONGING.

How I long for the tropical tales,  
Far away in the shimmering sea,  
Where the people don't follow the styles  
That always are bothering me,  
And the costumes are mostly bright smiles  
And airy as air can be.

How I long for the palms and the vines  
And the flowers that bloom in the shade,  
And the sun that so ardently shines  
And the weather's too lazy to storm,  
Where the people are mostly bright smiles  
And not by the women hand made.

How I long for a place that is warm,  
Where the blossoms are harboring bees,  
Where the butterflies brilliantly swarm,  
And the sunshine is gliding the seas,  
And the weather's too lazy to storm,  
And the grip is an unknown disease.

—Chicago Chronicle.

## WRITTEN IN RED

By CHAS. HOWARD MONTAGUE AND C. W. DYAR

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### CHAPTER II.

A PERFUME-AS OF A WOMAN.  
Sergeant Parr continued, nevertheless, a careful scrutiny of the apartment. It was beyond doubt a library, for the backs of books showed behind the sheets that covered certain articles of large bulk. The adjoining room was in all probability the sleeping chamber of the master of the house. A casual inspection satisfied the officer that the bed had not been occupied since it was last made up.

But there was something more important still in the sergeant's estimation to be ascertained, and on that he had ample time to reach a settled conviction. It was evident at first sight that the man on the floor had come to his death by reason of a bullet wound. If his own hand had been responsible for the deed, the suicidal weapon must be somewhere about. And as a careful search failed to reveal any trace of such a weapon, the sergeant had made up his mind long previous to the arrival of the investigating party that the case was a very serious one and involved at the outset a deep mystery.

The scene soon changed. The room gradually filled with alert and dignified men, whose profession made their attendance at such times a matter of too frequent occurrence to permit of their exhibiting any other sentiment in the presence of the grim witness of violent death than a keen and speculative business interest. In the vestibule below two officers were stationed to challenge everybody who attempted to enter the house. Already in front of the building, so quickly and mysteriously does evil news disseminate itself, was gathered a throng which stared with fascinated horror at the upper windows and at every fresh ingoer and outcomer.

Sergeant Parr had long since recognized Inspector Applebee, and had whispered in his ear that it was going to be a "big case."

"So?" said the inspector, lifting his eyebrows and half smiling. A moment later he was grave and apparently unconcerned.

Dr. Jarrett, the medical examiner for the district in which the body was found, came to the scene in a carriage. Till he arrived nothing was done. The state imposes upon the judgment and good sense of these officials grave responsibilities. In three minutes after his horse stopped in front of the house Dr. Jarrett was at work examining, questioning, weighing the evidences in his own mind.

The casual observer would have looked in vain among these quiet officials for the inevitable reporter. Evidently the newspaper man was barred out! Not at all. The public who look for a notebook, and expect to find in such circumstances a meddlesome young man writing with ghoul-like activity, would never have suspected the short, thick-set, black-haired, gentlemanly young man who talked with each person present in an easy way, which showed that he was personally acquainted with everyone. Instead of flourishing a notebook—the insignia of the property reporter of the theater, and of the beginners in the profession—this man had no better use for his hands than a mechanical fiddler of the pendant to his watch chain—a trick which in some mysterious manner seemed to help him to think. Although he was young, his experience in criminal affairs, combined with his natural ability, had made his sagacity equal to that of anybody present, while his trustworthiness and reliability enabled him to be oftentimes in important cases a confidant of the authorities. This was Kingman P. Thomas, of the Globe.

The medical examiner arose from a brief inspection of the body, which was already identified as that of Paul North, the State street financier. Everybody looked at him curiously, but his imperturbable face told no tales.

"Nothing has been disturbed?" he asked of the sergeant.

"We know our business, sir. Everything is exactly as we found it."

"Ah!" No more and no less, came in a matter-of-fact tone from the medical examiner's lips.

"Well, doctor," said Mr. Thomas, "how is it?"

"I shall perform an autopsy."

This was said quietly. The medical

examiner refrained from advancing his opinion at this stage, but Thomas understood that the determination to perform an autopsy indicated serious suspicion on the physician's part.

There was a tremulous touch on his shoulder, and he turned to meet the eyes of a man whom he did not know.

"What—what is that writing on the wall down there by the door?" asked a shaking voice.

"This is a friend of the family, doctor," interposed Inspector Applebee, by way of accounting for this unfamiliar presence there. "He was Mr. North's partner. Naturally he is very much overcome."

In tones that were a trifle staid Mr. Stackhouse repeated his question. Bending down to seek an answer himself, he started back, and would have fallen but for the opportune aid of the newspaper man.

"A horrible sight! I cannot look at it," he muttered, putting his hand over his eyes. "Tell me what you make it out!"

A glance of intelligence passed between the inspector and the sergeant. Each divined perfectly what had brought such a shock to the mind of Paul North's partner. Each understood fully the man's unspoken fear.

Meanwhile Dr. Jarrett, applying certain mysterious tests, seemed more intent upon determining the medium of this strange message than the message itself.

"Written in blood," he said, eventually, looking steadily at Stackhouse; "and the condition of the forefinger of the right hand seems to indicate that the dead man wrote it." He paused and Stackhouse sank into a chair. "But what odds? The writing will endure, gentlemen. We have other things to do."

He gave the inspector a meaning look and resumed his work. Thomas lost not a detail of this scene.

But now, with Inspector Applebee as his close companion, the library and the adjoining room were examined minutely.

The room had been used very recently. Regarding that point, there was no possibility of doubt.

Chairs had been moved from their accustomed places. On the opened desk, which Mr. Stackhouse at once identified as his partner's, stood, amid a heap of tumbled papers, a drop light. Near by, a burnt match. Obviously the windows had not been touched.

The adjoining room, vouched for as Paul North's chamber by his partner, soon recovering his self-control, bore no traces of occupancy. As the door was open between it and the library, it was plain that the master of the house must have passed through the room. He had not slept there, for the bed's surface was unruined, and not a fold of the pillows had been disturbed.

"One thing is evident," said Thomas. "This man was not killed for money. I saw the doctor take a well-filled pocketbook from his person, and not a thing in the house appears to have been disturbed."

A call from Dr. Jarrett summoned the two men back into the chamber of death.

"You had better look for the bullet, gentlemen," he said, quietly. "It is evident that it went clear through him, and it is surely nowhere about his clothing."

Instantly everybody was examining the room, the furniture, the walls, the carpet. But for some time, it appeared that the ball had been spirited away as mysteriously as the fatal weapon from which it had been fired.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Thomas, suddenly, as he pointed to the wall, "what's that up there above that picture?"

Thomas was pointing to a slight protuberance in the surface of the wall, directly opposite the bay-window, near the ceiling.

"What, that?" exclaimed the inspector. "Impossible! It is quite ten feet away from the floor."

"But it's a bullet, none the less," said Thomas, who had already mounted on a chair and began to ascertain the distance of the puncture above the carpet.

"You are right, inspector," he said. "It is nine feet eleven inches from the floor, and is driven in diagonally, as if it had been fired from the corner of the bay-window over there near the writing-desk."

"I can't understand that at all," said the inspector. "It must have been deflected in its course somehow to have got there. The man was evidently shot in the breast. His clothes in front are simply one mass of blood. Ah! I see there was more than one shot fired. This is a stray ball."

The house was searched from top to bottom. Nowhere was any trace of intrusion.

"If Mr. North slept here at all last night," said the inspector, "it must have been in his chair in his library."

Dr. Jarrett assented. Sergeant Parr, who had been notified from the fourth division that he need no longer remain on duty in the place, willingly volunteered to take, as he went out, a message to the captain in charge of the division.

"I have sent for an ambulance," Dr. Jarrett explained to the group that surrounded him in Paul North's chamber. "The body will be taken to the morgue, and I will hold an autopsy at once. As Mr. North's partner is here, I will waive the usual formalities and state beforehand that there is little doubt that an inquest will take place, though I would ask reporters not to make any such direct announcement."

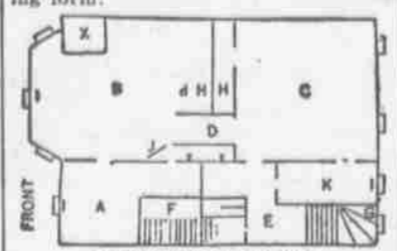
Mr. Stackhouse bowed.

"I quite understand, sir," he said, "and whatever testimony I can give I shall offer most willingly. But now I feel that I should take the terrible news to the family—my wife, you know, was Mr. North's daughter."

As Mr. Stackhouse went his way up the shady side of Marlboro street an

initiated observer would hardly have failed to note that another man followed in his wake upon the opposite pavement.

The quiet reporter meanwhile had busied himself in making a diagram of the second story of the North house, which appeared the next morning in his paper in substantially the following form:



Thomas sat cross-legged on one of the chairs in the unoccupied chamber through which the officers had originally entered, making a rough sketch on the back of an envelope with a stubby pencil, when he was slightly startled by the unexpected presence of a man at his elbow.

"Well, Thomas?"

"How, inspector?"

"What does it look like to you?"

"Queer."

"What are you going to say about it?"

"That it's a dead mystery—unless we make some unexpected discovery in the next half hour."

"Well, may be you're right. May be."

"It's no suicide," said Thomas, affably; "that's plain enough. And as there has been no robbery, it doesn't appear as yet why he should have been killed."

"No?"

"But of course you have your theory already?"

"When it comes to the matter of theories," returned Applebee, mischievously, "a plain policeman like myself can't hold a candle to you newspaper fellows."

"I see, you don't intend to answer questions," said Thomas. "I suppose I may state that the police are already on the track of the murderer, and that important arrests are momentarily expected?"

"State what you please. You will, anyway," the inspector returned, with

a slight frown. "No, I didn't come to answer questions, as you say. I came to ask them."

"Better than nothing. What are they?"

"In the first place, did you know North?"

"Just to the same extent that I know hundreds of men. I have seen him, talked with him—you know how and where."

"In the line of your work, you mean?"

"Exactly."

"Then, as to his family?"

"They tell me he has two daughters; both beauties, I never saw them, however. His wife, I believe, is dead."

"How did he stand in financial circles?"

Thomas uttered a contemptuous laugh.

"North & Stackhouse? Ask any broker."

"Better put it that they showed too much enterprise to please conservative business men. That's the most charitable construction I can put on it."

"Humph! You have not a very high opinion of North & Stackhouse?"

Thomas shrugged his shoulders.

"Socially, they're gentlemen. Men who handle millions can never come down to the level of common thieves."

"They must be, then, enormously rich?"

"On the contrary, they are regarded as extremely shaky."

"So? And what have they done with these millions?"

"Got caught in their own trap. An unexpected twist in the market burnt their hands off. Oh, it's all the same in stocks. You can think yourself ever so clever—but I'm talking too much, inspector. I am saying things on my mere surmises that no newspaper would dare to print. Still, you wanted my opinion, and you have it. It would be of no use, I suppose, to ask yours in return?"

Thomas gave Applebee a keen look, under the influence of which the in-

terior.

pector momentarily closed his eyes as if afraid that the reporter might surprise his thoughts there.

"Some clients of North & Stackhouse have no very pleasant feelings towards them, I presume, on account of this Nicaragua scheme?" he adroitly queried, as if to change the subject. It was adroit for that reason.

While appearing to avoid a direct answer, he was, in reality, putting the very question which he desired to have answered.

Did the reporter suspect? There was not the faintest indication, either in his manner or in his quiet reply, that he did.

"Some of the poor fools who invested their money in that scheme would very likely hold the firm morally responsible for ruining them."

"Ah!" said the inspector, as he turned away. "I suppose so. But I'm forgetting my case in listening to you."

The fact was Inspector Applebee was endeavoring to establish some connection between the anonymous threatening letter which, ten days before, had been placed in his hands by the late Paul North, and this violent death.

"But, in that case," he thought, "why has not the money been called for at the post office? Is it possible that the writer of that letter was in a position to know that the matter had been placed in my hands? I must move cautiously in this affair or ruin it at the outset."

Not long after Mr. Thomas' departure most of Applebee's associates left the house, the medical examiner going first of all.

Paul North's body had been taken away in the undertaker's wagon, but the inspector and one officer still remained on the premises.

Quite by accident, as he was coming down the staircase which connected the library floor with the story above, after a prow through the darkened rooms in the upper part of the house, the inspector's eye caught the glim of something white.

He picked it up.

It was a tiny lace handkerchief, such as a dainty woman often carries, but a man never. This was the thought that flashed through the inspector's mind, to give place instantly to another.

That subtle, delicate perfume! In all his long experience Inspector Applebee had never inhaled its like.

"Ah!" he thought as he held up the filmy lace and looked at it more closely. "But I might have known it from the first. A woman in the case!"

(To be continued.)

PATIENCE OF THE CAMEL.

An Indispensable Bearer of the People of the Arabian Interior.

The patient camel is the subject of a report to the state department by United States Consul Masterion, at Aden, Arabia. "It would be hard," said he, "for a person living in any other city in the world to conceive just what an indispensable animal the camel is to the prosperity and welfare of Aden and this part of Arabia. Even in the ordinary work done by a horse in any other place or country the camel is always used here; in fact, except for drawing a carriage, it completely takes the place of the horse. The camel is used for hauling produce in carts, for carrying freight and other articles, and for drawing the sprinkling and water carts. It makes a comfortable riding animal, and at a least its flesh, of all meats, is considered the best. But it is as a means of transportation and as a beast of burden in passing to and from the interior of Arabia to Aden that it becomes indispensable, and it is altogether probable that without it Aden would have never become the great distributing point it now is. Articles shipped from here to points across the Gulf of Aden are also transported by camels into the interior of the African continent.

"The amount of the burden varies according to the distance to be carried and to the size of the animal. In carrying goods to and from the wharves to the different warehouses, a few miles, a camel will carry a load of from 600 to 900 pounds, but for a long journey from one-third to one-half of this amount is considered a camel load."

A Kindly Pretext.

Count Pourtales, who owned one of the finest picture-galleries in Europe, was a magnificent buyer. One time, says the author of "Gossip from Paris During the Second Empire," his attention was drawn to the work of a young artist who was slowly becoming known. The count, with some difficulty, procured his address, and wrote to him saying:

"Come to see me, and bring with you one of the pictures you have just exhibited in the Salon."

The young man came without delay, and in a state of delighted excitement.

"I should like," said the count, "to add this picture to my collection. Will you tell me the price?"

The artist hesitated.

"Two thousand francs," he stammered.

Was it too much? He did not know. But the count was feigning deafness.

"Ten thousand francs," he replied, "Very well, then. Consider the matter settled."

The artist at once explained.

"I said 2,000 francs, M. le Comte," said he. "Not 10,000."

"Pardon," interrupted Pourtales, "I never bargain," and the 10,000 francs were paid.—Youth's Companion.

She Considered It Necessary.

The Actor—And you have decided to apply for a divorce?

The Actress—Oh, yes. It isn't that I've had any trouble with my husband, but I'm so devoted to my art!—N. Y. Times.

## HELPS FOR HOSTESS

### NOVEL ENTERTAINMENTS FOR AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

Party for Autumn Bride—Auction of Baskets—To Amuse Little Ones—Attractive Quakers—Other Forms of Recreation.

#### A Bride-Elect's Party.

An autumn bride-elect was the guest of honor at this pretty afternoon affair. The hostess asked eight of her special friends for the hours between three and six o'clock. At the top of the invitation she wrote these clever lines with the request for the recipe of a favorite salad:

Two choice cuts of energy,  
And eggs of hard cold caste;  
Add freely oil "diplomacy,"  
With salt of tact a dash.  
Bedeck with leaves of cheerfulness,  
And pepper well with nerve;  
Behold your salad of success is ready;  
Sift and serve.

After all the guests had arrived, each one was ushered separately into the library, where pens of various styles had been provided, with good black ink and a little book which was illustrated with pen and ink drawings of the new household performing various duties in the kitchen. When each recipe had been written and signed, the book was given to the honored guest and a delicious salad of the hostess' own concoction was served; also cheese wafers and coffee, which was made in a Russian samovar in the drawing-room. Here is the recipe for the salad: Take stringless beans, small French peas, dice carrots, a suspicion of onion, a little celery; marinate with a French dressing or mayonnaise, according to taste. Serve on a lettuce leaf or in a small sweet pepper.

#### For Sweet Charity.

A literary club of 30 members wished to make some money for a special charity, so they devised and carried out this very clever scheme. Thirty baskets were purchased at wholesale, and each lady took one and filled it with the most delicious supper that she could prepare. Her card was placed inside and the top covered with tissue paper, then tied down with ribbon. Invitations were sent to 30 men, asking them to come to an "auction supper," on such an evening, giving the address and hour.

On arriving each man was required to bid for a basket; on opening it, he was to find the lady whose card was concealed in the basket. Tea, coffee, chocolate and napkins (paper ones) were provided, also small tables and folding chairs. There were leers and creams which could be purchased at so much a plate.

The men entered into the spirit of the affair, and declared it was the jolliest charity party they ever attended. There is a way of doing things that appeals to a man. He loves things that he has a part in, and he likes a little mystery, and not a man knew a word of what this "auction supper" was to be, which speaks well for the girls who managed the affair.

Between \$50 and \$60 rolled into the auctioneer's hands, and the men all said "it was cheap for half the money."

#### A Guessing Game.

This is a clever little guessing game, just long enough to fill in a few moments that might hang heavy. Pass pencils and paper with the announcement that the questions are to be answered by the abbreviations of the names of states.

Questions and answers:

1. What is the most religious state?—Mass.
2. The state of exclamation?—O(hio).
3. Best state in haying time?—Mo.
4. Best state to cure the sick?—Md.
5. Best state in a hood?—Ark.
6. The most maidenly state?—Miss.
7. Name a numerical state?—Tenn.
8. The father of states?—Pa.
9. The best cereal state?—R. I. (rye).
10. Best state for mines?—Ore.
11. State represented by a girl's name?—Minn.
12. Good state for the untidy?—Wash.
13. State indicated by a note in the vocal scale?—La.
14. The most egotistical state?—Me.
15. The impersonal state?—I. T.
16. The state a tramp carries with him?—Kan.
17. The highest state?—Mont.

#### A Quaker Tea Party.

A jolly set of girls were deploring the dilapidated condition of their wardrobe, after the summer at various resorts, and were wondering how they could get ready for an "afternoon" for a strange girl whom they wished to do special honor. They solved the problem by issuing invitations for a "Quaker tea party." The guests were asked to come attired as "Quakers."

All persons were to be addressed by their first names and there would be a penalty imposed if the pronouns "thee" and "thou" were not used exclusively. It is needless to say that it was a most enjoyable afternoon, and the girls looked so bewitching in their plain skirts, snowy kerchiefs and simply dressed hair, that some of the men who "just dropped in," said they wished that style might become the fashion. These wholesome refreshments were served, gold banded white china and perfectly plain silver spoons being used; Chicken salad, tiny hot biscuits, custard in old-fashioned glasses, with brown crusty sponge cake, tea and coffee.

#### The Selfish Girl.

Of all the undesirable types and unbearable is the selfish girl—who hides something good she may be eating rather than share with her friend. The girl who is unhappy if her best chum has a prettier gown on than her own. She who withholds an introduction for fear the one introduced may become a greater favorite than herself.

#### Good Breeding.

Good breeding is the basis of consideration for others, and this trait or quality is as near the "unknown condition" on which "popularity" depends as any that may be named. Good breeding has its origin in the heart rather than in manuals of manner.

#### So Frenchy.

The French have not hesitated this year to bring blue into contrast with pink—a combination we have not seen before in years, and very refreshing and beautiful and girlish it is.

#### Much Done.

Killing time is wasting life.

a gay throng of ten-year-olds had arrived and were seated at sewing tables. Each child was permitted to select from a colored fashion plate the dress she liked the best. Heads had been cut out of advertisements. Cutting out the dresses took some time. Then tissue paper, lace paper, and all sorts of odds and ends of paper were put on the table, and dresses made for the paper dolls that stand in little blocks and may be purchased for a trifle. Library paste was provided, and a busy hour was spent. A pair of round-pointed scissors in a leather case delighted the little girl whose dress was voted the prettiest.

The refreshment table was decorated with gayly-dressed paper dolls, which the girls took home with them, as well as the dolls which they dressed. Cocoa, chicken sandwiches and crullers in shape of dolls were served. This mother said she had never got through a party before with so little fatigue or friction. Perhaps it was because the boys were not invited. But I think boys could be entertained in the same way, for the secret of keeping children, as well as grown people, happy, is to keep them busy.

### FOR BEAUTIFUL EYES.

Proper Attention to Hygiene Will Brighten Dull Eyes—About Lotions and Eyebrow Grower.

Dull eyes may be made lustrous by proper attention to hygiene, writes Mme. Qui Vive, in the Chicago Record-Herald. A beautiful eye is always brilliant, clear and full. Every woman should take the utmost care of her eyes, bathing them several times a day in clear water and avoiding all sorts of things that are likely to overtax them. Dotted veils, reading in a poor light fine embroidery, small type—all these will drain the forces of the eyes and interfere with perfect sight.

A lotion that should be on every dressing table is made after this formula:

One teaspoonful of pure boric acid, 15 drops of spirits of camphor, two-thirds of a cup of boiling water. Cool, strain through muslin and apply with eye cup several times a day. This will cure almost every case of inflammation, tiredness and general weakness of the eyes. It is harmless.

The eyebrows and eyelashes will respond quickly to good treatment. It is amazing that women who pencil and



QUITE ATTRACTIVE.

paint their eyebrows do not set to work systematically to improve the health and beauty of the growth.

If the eyebrows are thin they should be brushed night and morning with a tiny tooth brush which has been dipped in pure olive oil. Or this pomatum can be applied:

Red vaseline, three ounces.  
Tincture of cantharides, one ounce.  
Jamaica rum, one ounce.  
Oil of rosemary, five drops.  
Mix thoroughly and apply twice a day with an eyebrow brush.

For continuous use to make the eyebrows lustrous and brilliant try a lotion made of equal parts of glycerine and rosewater.

Eyebrows that meet over the nose give one a sinister, brigandish look. To do away with such a trouble go to an electrolysis operator and have the growth removed by means of the electric needle. The hairs will not come back and no scars will result. The success of the operation of course depends upon the skill and conscience of the operator. Only the best should be consulted for work of this kind. For darkening the brows there is nothing better than the stains made in Germany. These can be bought for 50 cents. When applying them one must exercise the greatest kind of caution so that the skin under the growth be not discolored. Otherwise one will look most untidy and really unclean.